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TO EDITORS, AND TERMS FOR CLUBS,

See 15th Page.

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Letters of similar purport have been received from the following eminent English philologers, viz. CHARLES RICHARDSON, the venerable author of *Richardson's Dictionary*. HERBERT COLERIDGE, SEC. Philological Society, RICHARD C. TRENCH, B. H. SMART, and also from REV. DR. BOSWORTH, Prof. Anglo-Saxon at Oxford University, who says:

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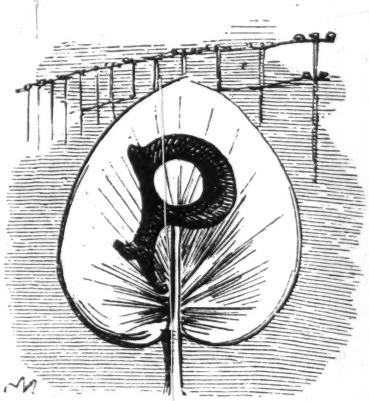
CHAPTER II.



HILADELPHIA people own two salt watering places; one Cape May alias Cape Island; the other Atlantic City, alias Absecum, alias Capsicum Beach. Own the first on shares with Baltimore, have the second all to selves.

Three or four years ago some enterprising man in Quaker City while sitting on steps of Girard Bank, waiting for little piece paper to be done inside, cast his eyes over small map U. S. and made great discovery. Found Philadelphia was whole day's journey by steamboat from nearest salt-bathing, but that railroad bee-line across Jersey would bring surf within about 2 hours 90 min. locomotive trot. Sprinkled and ventilated discovery along Third-street all way down Barbary Coast. Some of the ideas fell among old fogies who told man to dry up, some got among men of no capital where lame ducks devoured it—one lot touched right spot and sprouted up in a rail-road which went like streak of lightning across Jersey, over beautiful piece of country which looks like wrong side of devil's blanket before its brushed. Rigged up large permanent bellows in different newspaper offices to propel the cars—laid pipe—laid city, cottage lots, noble enterprize, appeals to heart of every Philadelphian—all sorts of things. Wanted a President. Appointed JOHN BROADHED to attend to dead-heads and other *memento moris*—JOHN generally walks round town in warm weather followed by free-ticket funeral procession of applicants; looks like MOSES crossing desert followed by the Discounters—for which reason is called the MOSES of the Rail Road.

Started from N. Y. with cousin RANDOLPH, fresh shot for Philadelphia. Tied ourselves into knots and slept in cars all way to Princeton. Collegians at depot performing cheerful Choctaw war dance with howling-Dervish variations over departed comrades—"nice good boys," RANDOLPH said, "if they *were* a little sprung. Like to have a family such—'specially if they'd treat." RANDOLPH getting dry—that's certain. At Bordentown began to reason with RANDOLPH how we were to do in Philadelphia—concluded to take hack at wharf and baggage &c., but were suddenly interrupted by nice old gentleman on back seat.

"Friend—thee is evidently a stranger to judge by thee extravagance and I really cannot suffer thee to waste money so. Does thee know what hotel thee goes to? Well then—the baggage agent will be here directly and thee must give him thee checks—does thee understand?"

"Just so."

"Well—and when thee reach the wharf I will lead thee to the cars—and it may be, will ride part of the way with thee for it is not fit that strangers should enter the city in the plundering hands of cabmen."

Great institutions, those old Friends—no discount on them. Young Friends—ditto—in different way. Positive and negative poles of magnet. Tend to them all another time—bound for Atlantic.

Left wharf—Vine, Pine Wood-bine—something botanical I know—all Philadelphia streets botanical one way and numerical the other. Entered cars, passed vast city in the wilderness, Dutch village for nucleus, posts with names of streets rising along at intervals on either side, out of solitary sand heaps and pine groves. Streets all named after cities—observed that as the streets advanced to the East their names went to the West—Canton Avenue first, then Calcutta, then Bombay, then Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin, Paris—just as the longitude ought to bring us to Atlantic City Avenue arrived at the town itself.

Four five years ago Atlantic City consisted one small house on Absecum beach; billows roared, sand blew, sea-gulls screamed, proprietor of house monarch of all he surveyed. 'Mense town now—hotels rather wide apart, filled in with ten pin-alleys, saloons, pretty girls, shops, churches, darkey-waiters, lager-beers and pistol-galleries. From top United States Hotel—best built watering place tavern in America—town looks big as Newport—quickest grown place on the coast. Owes all its prosperity to surf and sand—like the chemical analysis of meerschaum; made of nothing but flint and water—and like a meerschaum has been made valuable by puffing

Lovely spot however—ten spot RANDOLPH says, since it contains just ten good cobbler-factories, connected with which are three cocktail-mills and one apple-jack sewing-machine. Natives showed us one day in the woods, tombs of two unfortunate white men, killed, one by shock of Jersey lightning, other by chain-shot—both hit in the neck at first fire. Epitaphs placed on their graves by intelligent old Barnegat pirate: "*He was a good Egg,*" and "*He was one of 'em*"—both believed by natives to be very poetical and touching, and conjectured to be scriptural.

Hotels follow line of sea beach, railroad follows hotels all way from Surf House to Inlet, and boarders follow railroad. Soon as cars arrived, grand rush into them of organdy and lawn dresses, surmounted by straw flats and silk streamers—ladies wanting to ride from house to house and pay visits—or sky-lark. Sea breeze fresh and strong! everything comfortable looking and lazy after ride over hot sands—gentleman and ladies sitting in long rows on hotel porticoes—chairs all over grass—general air of laying off and taking easy—universal panama and straw-hat state of society—flags flapping, bathing dresses on all the fences and hanging out of every window—red evening sky and far away roar of surf, booming away like a subdued thunder mill—sand-walks, sand-wagons (same build all over Jersey)—black waiters in white jackets—crowds of friends rushing up to greet them—newspaper boy hallooing out New York and Philadelphia papers—sum total first view of lively American watering place—nothing like it in all the world—nothing of the kind that ever I saw half so cheering after steaming down in brick walled cities, and suffering round amid busy haunts of trade.

Grand outcry of delight—stupendous excitement! Two dresses—one blue and white striped, one white and pink suddenly bound up like fireworks, as we enter United States grounds—two small hands which have made fast time in getting sunburnt on the backs and up the wrists are held out to greet us—the illustrious Queen FLINDERS and the Blessed DE BROOM are here—and our season has begun. Glad to see us—of course—the ancient ditty of every bathing place is again sung—"so few gentlemen here, and so many ladies," ("likely to be the case for some time to come," RANDOLPH says, while society and ostentation exact their present prices in so many forms—all the better for the gentlemen and *slightually* the ladies' own fault.)

Get rooms; high up, no matter—there's a rushing sea-breeze everywhere, about entries, accompanied by highly accomplished chambermaid who can attend to four rooms at once with her right hand, while she fires towels into ten apartments with her left. When very severely called, has been known to be at both ends of entry at once, and bring pitcher to No. 127 in the middle. Have trunks dumped down—going to wash—RANDOLPH in great amazement at sight of fluid—thinks they've brought him pitcher of old dark brandy by mistake—taste and finds no such luck—calls chambermaid—Mary explaineth—'pine water sir; sure an its the native Amerikin Injane color as does it an' the doctor in 126 says its healthy! Promises in future to have it bleached—nail her promise with gold dollar—RANDOLPH says that no brass-headed tack will hold tighter—and he knows.

"*Woo-rah a ra a roar er ra hooroo!*" There goes the gong—expresses sentiments of hungry boarders roaring for food—use it in circuses for dragon's voice when starved monster wants to eat virgin up and ST. GEORGE blocks game. Both of us fresh groomed start down—see squads of ladies and single specimens stray and stroll out of rooms—young voices laughing and screaming merrily in distant entries—all bound to tea—all sharp set. Flow in with multitude—FLINDERS and DE BROOM make signal—seats secured at their family table, specially supervised by head-waiter—all serene and beautiful. Great weight seemed gradually taken off mind as great stock of provender vanished from plate—FLINDERS certainly grand girl—superb nose and eyes—ears like delicate young oysters—Romans used to call 'em Ears of Venus—hair flows back over them like waves till it breaks in the foam of her white lace collar—face all the finer for sun-burn—splendid anatomy—divine institution!

Tea over, walk porticoes—cool as cucu rs—hear all about people in *our* house and over at other h . Resolve walk on beach by moonlight. Little railroad and c om parties down to surf—get on and work her down. Great fun end of sky-larking. On the strand by the sand—here it is by Jove! the great tumbling roaring monster of a surf—one of the finest in the whole world, in three great layers of breakers—out beyon lies the evening sea shimmering in the last purple light while over all rises the moon. Walk along—waves washing foam—shooting it in broad sheets over shiny sand up to our feet—voices in the roaring breakers—FLINDERS' hand hugging more friendly up to arm—general harmony of interests gradually developing. Bath houses—hotel. "arbors," broad sandy downs stretching inland—score of promenaders by twos and threes go past—rising black and India inky, deep washed in, against copper crimson sky. Beautiful walk, beautiful FLINDERS—sit in arbor and drum up poetry—MISS F. rings the bell exactly as we see the light-house putting on her dian nds for the evening. "One by one in the light-house the stars sho out on high—while far on the dim horizon the ships go sailing by

Go home—RANDOLPH and DE BROOM follo afar off. Parlor—blaze of light—get chairs—introduce and s introduced. The usual respectable Judge, the accustomed ger manly doctor with their dames, the inevitable young averages, le and female, and that same old brick who knew your father. ne up—birds go to nest—follow their white flowing ascension s with my eyes as they trip skyward and then edge round to ge al stag rendezvous or Grand Council Lodge of Atlant c Sachem popularly known as

A PHILADELPHIA "FRIEND."

Fire Water Wigwam, on the bar-room, in and around which the chiefs conglomerate to talk, smoke and arran the affairs of the nation on approved principles. Introduced to l. FORNEY—good-looking politician—well groomed—first rate po its—pick him out in a crowd anywhere. First sight—wonderfully amazed—thought from the opposite party's editorials that he went bout clad in only one ragged blanket, carrying a carving knif and begging for whiskey. Told him so and was informed that p ess generally uses highly figurative language—sort of barbaric po try—such as old SCALDS used when boiling hot. Introduced to M RTON MCMICHAEL of North American—if eggs were as dignified objec s now as they were during the Cosmogony would decidedly call Col. cMICHAEL a good egg—suggested the idea to a Philadelphian my elbow who replied that an editor, if a good classical egg, ust be one of the eggs of Leader. Hearing this another gentlen n turned around indignantly—said his name was SHELTON MACKENZ E—and protested with great eloquence against all puns in gener and this one in particular—said that while about it might jus as well put in another letter and make Leader into Leander, a which case, as the company knew, the unfortunate subject coul n't be a Hero at all. Great outcry from Baltimoreans and Jerseyn en present, who weren't used to this sort of thing, and demand for cobblers by several of the slightly killed. Order soon restored—principally by Herculean exertions of handsome man in white choker—Col. FITZGERALD—generally known as The Handsome Colonel. Antique custom among Philadelphia editors to always have one handsome Colonel—sort of Grand Lama—when one dies or goes out of town, spirit of beauty moves into somebody else—last one Col. WALLACE—appointed Fitz. as successor. Present incumbent immensely useful man, general promotor of high old times—when Philadelphia is roofed over and brown stoned in they'll make FITZ. *major domo* and master of ceremonies. Others present, DAN DOUGHERTY—a very jolly DOUGHERTY and strong on a speech—and, by no means last or least, the President of the Road—a man whom it may be said—fill your glasses, gentlemen!—that, if ABSECUM were a cathedral he would be its bishop—and were it a fortress he would be its commander. (Three *and* a tiger.)

Very nice place this same Atlantic-Capsicum—though as general rule visitors find all such places nice if weather is fine, if they are in good health and are in jolly good company. The one great drawback, the Jersey wagons and miserable swindling drivers. New York hackmen gentleman saints compared to them, uncouth as Fejee savages, insolent as bush niggers, ravenous as wolves. Wouldn't mind high prices so much—always pay 'em at Newport and expect to—if horses were only a little better than carrion and vehicles better than old apple-carts. First rate notice—no charge.

Afternoon amusements—drive on beach—go out in boats fishing—botanize among the groves of short dense trees with tops all level as a meadow and pick magnolias—or flirt all round promiscuously at home and at other houses. Climate not equal to Northern sea-sides but better than Cape May.

Read all the foregoing to RANDOLPH and girls—vote it a fair story. But are satisfied with place—got enough of it—and intend moving. Want variety—*varium et mutabile*—had first rate time here—want first rater somewhere else. Question—whither? Suddenly this afternoon, while at ten-pins, FLINDERS made an amazing roll—took the ten—knocked down the boy—astonished the whole company into a cheer—when just in the flush of triumphs her eyes lightened up with fresh inspiration and clapping her hands she cried:

"I have it—Let's go to Cape May!"

Let's!

VANITY FAIR "WEE FOLKS."

The following is from a "four-year-old" that the *Knickerbocker* has long endeavored to inveigle in vain. The "wee-witling" swears he won't do anything for CLARKE on any terms. As to HARPER, the "wee-one" considers the four-year-old department played out in that monthly, fallen into the hands of infant Philistines, dead heads, milk-toothed buffers. So we have obtained him. He "sees" VANITY FAIR extensively, and is willing to become as faithful to it as the needle to the pole, or the COBB to the *Ledger*, or anything of the sort.

Here he goes!

The four-year-old occasionally "caught the echoes" of "slang terms", as they fell from the lips of other boys who didn't receive a moral tract every week, from the Sunday School Magog. Among other terms, had heard a boy of this unevangelical sort say that another equally not "good" urchin was a "perfect bird." Our four-year-old requested and obtained a definition thereof from his "big brother." Shortly after he was taken by a very moral aunt to hear the REV. BEECHER, (H. W.) He heard him—immensely. After church, his pious relative asked his critical opinion of the REV. BEECHER (H. W.) Said the four-year-old, "He's an eagle and no mistake!" The pious relative was charmed by the noble metaphor, but didn't see it precisely. So, asked she, "why eagle, Sammy? (even as another *pious* female once demanded, "Why a something else?) "'Cause," quoth Sammy, "He's a perfect bird—of pray!"

It does Look that Way.

The following words are from an editorial in that agreeable fossil, the *World* newspaper:

"The great aim of the education given to young ladies at boarding-schools should be to fit them for marriage and motherhood."

Our Cynical Contributor considers this "a tremendous bid, on the part of the *World*, for popularity among boarding-school young ladies!"

Horrible.

In the Fulton-street prayer-meeting, the other day, a gentleman from Nebraska told a story which reveals a shocking state of immorality Out West. The anecdote was of a pious little girl who converted her father, and in the course of it, this statement occurred: "One evening the father came in just after *the child had been praying with her mother, in a state of partial intoxication.*"

What must the father have been!

Shopman.—NOW, THEN SISSEY, HERE'S THREE VOLUMES OF GEORGE SAND, A COPY OF TENNYSON, AND A GUITAR, FOR MISS O'LEARY.

Young Lady.—MISS O'LEARY? NO SUCH PERSON LIVES HERE.

Help (from below.)—WOULD YE BE PLEASED TO FETCH 'EM TO ME, THAT'S ME NAME.

A REMONSTRANCE.

[VANITY FAIR learns with real concern, that MISS ———, of ———, in the State of Maine, has determined to marry the converted BRAHMIN, and to go with him as a missionary, to the East Indies. In view of this alarming state of things, VANITY FAIR can only offer the following feeble protest.]

Down-East maid! what are you doing?
  Hear me tell you, tell you truly,
You may mourn this hasty wooing,
  And this wedding of GANGOOLY.

He has been, no doubt renewed,
  But he has been renewed but newly;
What if he goes back to Buddh,
  Or turns Turk—this rash GANGOOLY!

What if he takes forty wives,
  Jealous each, and each unruly,
Jangling, wrangling all their lives—
  You the fortieth Ma'rm GANGOOLY!

What if he should live on rice,
  By the Vedas dining duly?
How you'll ask for something nice—
  Ask in vain of your GANGOOLY.

You will cut a pretty figure,
  If he should turn out a Coolie,
Who's first cousin to a nigger—
  See the *Tribune*—this GANGOOLY.

Think a moment how 'twould shock you,
  If, grown jealous, like a fool, he
In a harem close should lock you,
  Like a BLUE BEARD, grim GANGOOLY!

What if in a sack he sew you;
  What if like a murderous mule, he
Souse into a river throw you—
  Raging, roaring, rash GANGOOLY.

What if cow-house he erect too,
  Where by rigorous rite and rule, he
Cow to worship shall expect you,
  On pain of torture, with GANGOOLY!

What if when Death shall unhand you,
  Mob of Brahmins fierce, unruly,
Nolens volens, shall command you
  To be roasted with GANGOOLY!

Heed our soft, persuasive tones!
  Heed the friend who loves you truly!
Mate the REV. MR. JONES,
  Of Skowhegan—not GANGOOLY.

Heed our words! don't put on airs!
  Ponder what we've told you, duly!
Maine may need as much your prayers,
  As the parish of GANGOOLY.

EQUINE GYMNASTICS.

Editors Vanity Fair.

GENTLEMEN:—I happened to be looking over a recent number of the Troy *Whig*, when the following struck my eye, though not with sufficient force to make it black and blue. Will you be kind enough to copy it entire?

Yes sir-ee [EDS. V. F.]

"A gentlemen informs us that while walking near the flats in the lower part of the city, on Sunday afternoon, he witnessed a horse, who was galloping in the fields, turn a complete somersault. It was done in precisely the same manner as gymnasts accomplish this feat, head over heels, and the animal did it as well as if he had had a year's instruction under PRO. MACROBERTS, at Apollo Hall."

Now Gentlemen, although the *Whig* evidently considers this a remarkable feat, I beg leave to state that it is anything but extraordinary to me, as I have frequently been the eye-witness of many much stranger equine performances.

My grandfather was a great lover of equestrianism, and had, at one time, a very fine stud of horses, most of which possessed great accomplishments. He had a large and commodious gymnasium fitted up in his stables, where the animals used to practice every morning, until there was hardly a three-year-old among them that was not an expert on the parallel bars, the trapeze, and the perche equinepoise. They thus developed great strength and agility, so that their progeny are greatly valued to this day. A single somersault would have provoked a horse-laugh among them, for its simplicity: they considered it nothing to turn a dozen hand-springs, running either backward or forward. As they got into a habit, however, of indulging in this amusement while under the saddle, it became unpleasant, if not hazardous, for my sisters to ride out, so my grandfather posted up a notice in the gymnasium, forbidding such exercise in future, and they were discontinued.

I remember three young ponies, among these horses, that attained to a great degree of skill in other branches of education. One of them used to play on the accordeon, fire a pistol, and execute elaborate paper-cuttings, all at the same time, and with the rapidity of lightning. Another could chew meal and whistle, simultaneously—an accomplishment that provoked much surpise in all who saw the animal, and rendered him highly valuable to my grandfather.

Thus you see, Gentlemen, that this paragraph from the Troy *Whig*, so far from being strange, should only excite the derison of all well-informed persons. Had I space, I could narrate some interesting anecdotes of my grandfather's horses, even more singular than the facts I have already stated. As it is, I must close, remaining as ever,

Very truly yours,

CALEB CURIO.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

UTY to the public prompted us to obtain the services of a reporter whose sole business it was to become hopelessly mad about the GREAT EASTERN. He has fulfilled this obligation in the following eminently satisfactory manner. ○ ○

Having ascertained that a rumor was afloat that the GREAT EASTERN was also, we at once assumed an amount of dignity suitable to the importance of the occasion, and bought several steel pens, extra size. We next had a reservoir of mint juleps established in our cellar, and purchased a bundle of new straw for suctional purposes. We then proceeded to disarrange our toilet generally, standing our beautiful hair—a miracle in itself—on end, twisting awry our neck-tie, and rumpling our snowy linen. This was to prepare ourself for the coming exciting event. Finally we got up a friendly intercourse with the juleps below. Found the insulation perfect. Currents steady and strong. Received a great many interesting hints from the opposite pole. Ordered the smallest office boy to keep cool. Said he didn't know how. Discharged him at once. Asked the neighboring thermometer to come down and take something. Invitation politely declined. Asked the Sun if he didn't find it rather hot up his way, and advised him to go down. Said he was very comfortable and preferred staying up a while longer. Forgot TOMMY and the Japanese. Envied the hermit at NIXON'S. Prepared the following elaborate heading for our report.

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT!
ARRIVAL OF THE HUGE WONDER!
THE MONSTER STEAMER!
SUBLIME SPECTACLE! GRAND DISPLAY!
A MAMMOTH AGE! TREMENDOUS EVENT!
LARGE ELEPHANT! MARINE GIANT!
GREAT ASTONISHMENT AMONG MEN, WOMEN, AND FISH!
EXTRAORDINARY PUTTING ON OF AIRS BY THE HAMMOND STREET FOLKS! STUPENDOUS EVERYTHING! &c., &c., &c.

Went down to Sandy Hook. Saw the man who thought he had seen the Eastern the night before. Informed him that he had not; that she was expected by the next steamer. Saw an expression of astonishment on the man's face much larger than the vessel. Repeated that it was so. Received information from a private source that she was in sight. Agreed to believe it and say nothing about it. Went out and met her. Asked MR MURPHY if he was on board, and if he knew the way up to the city. Invited all hands to step up to the Bar. The Bar-keeper let down the Bar and asked us inside. Sailed in, and ran over two or three steamboats with most perfect unconcern. Steamboat went down; we came up. Told MURPHY it was very gallant of him to beau her up to Hammond-street. Captain WINE 'ALL (as the *Times'* English reporter called him) considers himself the ship's husband. Says he is willing to back her against JOHN C. HEENAN any day. We offered to bet on BENECIA, if he did. Captain said he would wager that she would draw first blood. Advised him, as a friend, not to let BOOLE know of her arrival. W. 'A. inquired who BOOLE was. Told him that he was a monstrous vampyre, a regular sucker, that he devoured a cargo of Japanese Ambassadors every day. W. 'A. turned perfectly white—hat, coat and all. Was afraid there was not enough water in the river to float her, and wanted to go back. Told him we would have another pailfull thrown in, and guessed that would do. Wanted to know whether we couldn't have BOOLE thrown in too. Said we would see about it.

Proposed that the directors should make an exchange with Col. STEVENS, giving him the GREAT EASTERN for the PHŒNIX, on the Christopher Street Ferry. Didn't know but they would; preferred seeing the PHŒNIX first, however. Informed them that the PHŒNIX was the identical ARK built by NOAH. The Directors cried "No! Ah! Really?" "'Pon honor," we replied. Described how, after NOAH had made his last trip in her, she was sold to GEORGE STEERS, who rebuilt and lengthened her two or three miles; making her the finest and fastest boat on record. Told them that, if they would not exchange, STEVENS, who now owned her, would probably buy their ship to carry as a life-boat on her. Directors opened their eyes. We also thought that, if that didn't suit, she might run on the Erie Canal. Directors continued to open their eyes and also began distending their mouths. Gave it as our opinion that she would look best in the basin of the Park fountain. Director's eyes jumped out of their sockets and walked around the deck whistling.

Seventeen of the *Herald* reporters had by this time died from overexertion in taking notes and cat-nip. All were consigned to the mighty deep—sleep. As we neared the coast of New Jersey, a solitary inhabitant appeared and took a look at us. He doubtless found us good-looking, for he kept at it until the ship's gunner shot him and sent a Constantinople poodle out to bring him in.

The yacht REBECCA now boarded us, and desired to know whether we would not like to take a short turn through Plum Gut. Captain W. 'A. could not comprehend the force of the inquiry, so MR. MURPHY came out with an explanation in very naughty and nautical language. The REBECCA then rounded off for the Gut.

Hammond-street soon hove in sight. Hammond-street had got on its good clothes. Hammond street had spread itself extensively. Hammond street stood with the following articles open to receive us: hearts, arms, mouths, ears and eyes. We knew it to be Hammond Street, because a splendid sign in giant letters informed us that THIS IS HAMMOND STREET. It may not be out of place to state that Hammond Street was around. Hammond Street knew the GREAT EASTERN, and the GREAT EASTERN knew Hammond Street. Hammond Street politely requested the GREAT EASTERN to come and stay with her; the GREAT EASTERN was only too happy to do so. At this late hour it would be hard to say which was the greater sight, Hammond Street or the GREAT EASTERN. Captain W. 'A. thinks the Street the finest thing he ever saw. MRS. EVERYBODY in Hammond Street says the ship is perfectly charming, lovely, beautiful, splendid and nice—which is the highest compliment a Hammond Streeter can bestow.

Our own opinion of her is that such words as little, insignificant, mean, contemptible, wretched, small, diminutive, dwarfish and the like do not convey any adequate idea of her merits. WALKER and WEBSTER are to be censured for not furnishing epithets equal to this occasion.

The daily papers, especially the *Herald*, have succeeded tolerably well in coining astonishers, but they are by no means sufficiently suggestive. The vessel will be two months older when she goes away than she is to-day. During her stay the *Herald* will use up two hundred and eighty odd reporters, and will advocate 106th Street for her berth. It will also publish her dimensions, the particulars of her launch, trial trips, accidents and first voyage every day. What the *Herald* does not say we will.

Novel Weapon of Offense.

The California correspondent of the New-York *Herald* writes from Carson Valley, that "the Indians *fired upon* two men *with a freight train*, wounding one mortally." Think of this! to fire with a freight train upon two poor fellows! and only kill one after all! But what emulation of our scientific progress this act shows in the savage! We slaughter much more extensively, and successfully with both freight and passenger trains it is true. But that was the Indian's first attempt, probably. And besides, they invented an original method of using our destructive engine. They made a deadly missile of it, and *fired upon* the pale-faces with the cumbrous train. Their aim could not have been very good. Still they are entitled to great credit for their original idea. We propose that the Camden and Amboy send out an engineer and conductor to teach them how to do their killing on a grander scale, and with more certainty.

SECOND THOUGHT. Perhaps—perhaps it was only a *horse-power* freight-train? Eh, bien! so much the more wonderful. We would like to know if the first letter of that California correspondent's last name isn't MUNCHAUSEN?

THOSE WORMS.

THE nasty little green worms that let themselves down in permanent showers from every tree in every park, at about this season, have become such a thorough and disgusting nuisance—only equalled by the pictures in front of BARNUM'S Museum—that we really feel called upon to offer some suggestions for their suppression. These suggestions, which are truly invaluable—*i. e.*, without value, we present to an admiring public, without any extra charge; as follows:

1. We propose that they be treated like unmuzzled dogs in hydrophobia-season. Let twenty-five cents per head be paid for them at a pound—or twenty-five cents a pound, as the authorities please. We suggest, however, that boys be permitted to participate in the exhilarating and profitable chase.

2. Let all the trees so infested be surrounded with stacks of straw, which may then be fired. The worms will not be happy in consequence, and it is a peculiarity of the serpent that it only remains where it is happy.

3. If they are fined five dollars for each trespass upon our parks it is not likely that many of them can afford to stay.

4. A good business might be driven by exporting them to China, where they would bring an excellent price, dried or green, as a material for soups.

5. As our Metropolitan police-force will be quite out of employment, now that the Japanese have gone, they might devote their hours of effeminate leisure to arresting the worms and locking them up in the station-houses. The cells have proved fatal in so many cases that it is probable the vermial prisoners would not long survive.

6. Let Mayor WOOD—as soon as his political business is slack enough to permit of attention to his duties—read the Riot Act every afternoon, in the parks, until the worms disperse.

7. Let the military be ordered out, to shoot them. This will provide a fine chance for exercise with ball-cartridges—an exercise which is likely to be needed, about election-time, next November.

8. The worms might easily be sent up to the Island, in accordance with the Vagrancy Act, as they certainly have no Visible Means of Support.

9. If each worm be thickly coated with grated cheese, and toasted, an army of ten thousand mice, turned loose in the parks, would make short work of them. Mice are very fond of toasted cheese, and are not expensive.

10. Lastly, we propose that authentic portraits of Old ABE LINCOLN be posted up on the trees about. If these would not frighten any worm of ordinary nerves to death, we had best let them live!

Notice to the Public.

The undersigned having removed from his old stand in Cedar-street, in consequence of being appointed to a Health Wardenship under City Inspector DELAVAN, would respectfully inform the public that the business will still be carried on by his brother, JAMES ENRIGHT. Emigrants swindled with neatness and despatch.

Hoping that the liberal share of public patronage which has been bestowed upon me will be transferred to my successor,

I remain the public's obedient servant,

JOHN E. ENRIGHT,
Ex-Ticket Swindler.

After all Heenan must be a Celt—

For it is currently reported that he is coming over in Two Ships.

A LETTER FROM THE HERMIT AT NIXON'S.

EDITOR, SIR.—I am a man of rather sedentary habits. In fact I never got up since I first sat down, which is nearly two hundred and fifty years ago—and yet I may safely assert that I have seen more life within that term than most people do. Gifted with the eye of a lynx, the ear of a hare, and the hand of a stenographic writer, my mission on earth is to watch and record. I discharge that mission. You see a large book before me in my working hours, and you suppose that I am perusing its broad pages. Not so. I am perusing my spectator, and the moment his eye is off me all I want of him is booked. Imagine the record I have inscribed!—I am open to negotiations for it.

When I served with the Mamelukes in Egypt, more than half a century ago, Mustapha Bey said to me one evening:

"O Sidi! contrast is the light of life: you can't think how tight on my head feels ever since the Pacha took off that of OSMAN EBNE, half an hour since."

Often as I sit in my lone grotto at the foot of the Garden, when all is serene in the great corridors of the theatre, and no sound ripples the midnight silence of the precinct save the light puff of my cigar, and the gurgle of my herb-drink—they call it mint julep here—often, then, do the words of MUSTAPHA BEY rush upon my memory. "Contrast is the light of life." Ay is it!

To-night, in the garden, there stood by the Fountain of the Dead Seal, a courtly looking man of dark complexion, clad in a strange rich costume—a Japanese officer of two swords; probably a prince, evidently a gentleman. To him came a person of Anglo Saxon race; possibly a millionaire, certainly a snob. Striking smartly the Gentleman, on the back of the neck, with clenched fist, the Snob held out to him, close under his nose, a pack of blank cards, saying in a voice that sounded like a bray—"Say, Jap! writee namee here—wantee namee for wifee and familee!" There was that in the eye of the Gentleman which said plumply, "I have seen nicer men:" and yet he courteously took the cards, and writing a word on each, returned them to the Snob, with a superfluous bow.

"Contrast is the light of life." How young and skittish I felt that night—I, a poor hermit—as I compiled my herb-drink, and made much incense by burning fragrant weeds!

There is much to talk about. You may hear again from

THE HERMIT.

THE SMALL DOG AND HIS MAN.

It has broken out—not the Yellow Fever, but the Small Dog Epidemic. The Small Dog has laid seige to the Metropolis and where the end will be no one can tell.

He is seen on all our thoroughfares, especially Broadway, skilfully dogging his man step by step, hour after hour, day after day.

Sometimes he assumes the semblance of a true Black-and-tan, sometimes that of a King Charles, sometimes that of a Skye Terrier, but generally he looms up in the dread majesty of the Poodle.

It is useless for the man to try to dodge the sagacious creature, after he has once concluded to live on him, *i. e.* the man. He persistently watches his every movement and carefully guards against his ever giving him the slip. The beast holds irresistible sway over him, which the most violent means can scarcely ever destroy.

The fate of the man is invariably to yield unresistingly to the dog's constant advances, until finally he is degraded to an amiable companionship with the brute and treats him as an equal in all things.

The Poodles are most to be feared, as they sink a man in his own estimation much sooner than the others.

The worms in the Park are esteemed evils, the mosquitoes from New Jersey are a source of dread, the seventeen-years-old locusts are a frightful scourge, the city authorities are a foul iniquity, but the Small Dog of 1860 fairly eclipses them all, in point of diabolical, malicious torment.

He is hurrying our young men to their green graves, and our old men to their marble tombs, by his extravagant demands. He is demoralizing the community and bringing hopeless ruin to our first families. The pale of civilization he has scaled, and is already advancing with fearful strides into the bosoms of our families. O, woe! woe! War upon the Small Dog! Down with the Poodle!

SO LIKE MATRIMONY.

Gentlest of her Sex.—What did you say was the principle of the Stereoscope?
Alfred ——.—Why, it makes two people into one.
Best and Lightest (innocently.)—What a delightful invention!

THE FOURTH IN TOWN.

[Being the Lament of a Poet who couldn't get away. The reader will observe that each verse is concluded by a detonational refrain from the fire-arms without.]

I.

I really don't know what to do
('Twas thus the Poet sang,)
Amid this dreadful hubaboo
That drives me crazy.
(*Bang!*)

II.

I did not wish in town to stay,
It cost me quite a pang
To find I couldn't get away,
But fate is cruel.
(*Bang!*)

III.

The streets are filled with smoke and noise,
And everywhere a gang
Of ruffian men and rowdy boys
Are firing pistols.
(*Bang!*)

IV.

Ah, out of town the air is sweet,
Where nodding roses hang
Above the brook that laves their feet,
But here, 'tis horrid!
(*Bang!*)

V.

In every public place and hall
The orators harangue
Amid a dun and dusky pall
Of smoke and sulphur.
(*Bang!*)

VI.

Whatever patriots may say
With all their buncombe slang,
In town, this Independence Day
Is but a nuisance!
(*Bang!*)

VII.

'Twas well enough, when into birth
Our Independence sprang—
But this! 'tis Tophet here on earth!
(*Crack! crash!! whang!!! clang!!!! slam-bang!!!!!*)

The Worst Yet.

It is said that the reason Horace Greeley advocates Lincoln is that he once lived next door to him, and accordingly goes in as an Aber. (*Let not your angry passions rise, intelligent reader.*)

Sparkling Joke.

Our French correspondent attributes the effervescent temperament of the Irish to the fact of their being principally Seltz.

The Bird

The Republicans propose to change the ornithological symbol of America, by withdrawing the Eagle and substituting the Rail!

The reason that the Indians are so fleet of foot is that, from the habit they have of painting themselves, they are accustomed to Streaking It.

SERENE ABOVE THEM ALL.

THE BLACK LEOPARD.

In a raving and incomprehensible Black Republican speech, made by a MR. VAN WYCK, of this State, before the House of Representatives, for some reason or reasons to us unknown, occurred the following sublime peroration :

"From the operation of climate or Anglo-Saxon blood, the Ethiopian is already changing the color of his skin, and in time will remove the spots from the leopard at his throat, and the time will come when it can be said—

The star-spangled banner, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, with never a slave."

However gratifying it may be to the Ethiopian to learn that "the climate or Anglo-Saxon blood is already changing the color of his skin," we feel sure that he will desire to learn something about this mysterious "leopard at his throat," who is thus about to have the spots knocked out of him. We recommend MR. VAN WYCK to take a tour through the purlieus of Leonard, Church, Laurens, and Thomas-streets, if he wishes to observe the effect of "the climate or Anglo-Saxon blood" on the inhabitants thereof. After a careful investigation, we find them to have two shades of color, generally, bearing proportions to one another which may be understood by the following diagrams; the colors being that of pure coal-tar, and that of oak-graining :

COAL-TAR.

OAK-GRAINING.

Never having been in Ethiopia, we cannot, of course, judge what the original tint may have been, but if the present proportion indicates the "operation of climate, or Anglo-Saxon blood," we should hate to have either "operate" on us.

Arguing from this point of view, we can easily understand how the spots of the leopard may be obliterated ; thus :

BEFORE OPERATION OF CLIMATE, ETC.

AFTER OPERATION OF CLIMATE, ETC.

Now, as the black leopard is generally considered quite as ferocious as the spotted kind, if not a little more so, we beg the climate and the Anglo-Saxon blood to beware, and to take a cautious look, before "operating" upon the animal. If he is rendered more savage than now, the extermination of the Ethiopian may result, and thus may be given a new, though far from humane meaning to MR. VAN WYCK'S touching and patriotic misquotation :

"The star-spangled banner, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, with never a slave!"

Ah, Mr. VAN WYCK, you should be very careful of your rhetoric, in future. We foresee some terrible consequences to the Ethiopian, from your raving and incomprehensible leopard speech !

A MORAL FOR THE IMMORAL.

We are sorry for our friends of the *demi-monde*, those fast, bold, handsome ladies who infest the fashionable hotels and boarding-houses up-town. It is a great pity about them. MISS EFFIE CARSTANG, of Saint Louis, who had such an uncontrollable desire to become MRS. EFFIE SHAW (SHAW being worth a million or two), has been finally defeated in her great hundred-thousand-dollar-damage breach of promise suit. They won't give her a new trial at all, so the last verdict—against her—holds good.

EFFIE represents the *demi-monde* very perfectly, so her discomfiture is, in some sort, a warning to the class—a kind of judicial wet blanket thrown upon their amusing little operations in the husband-hunting line. There are thousands of them in this country ; hundreds in this city ; fast, bold, and handsome, as we have said, and all lying in wait for very rich old gentlemen of susceptible hearts and eminently respectable characters. What wiles and blandishments these ladies employ for the circumvention of their wealthy and respectable friends, we advise our readers to find out from EFFIE, from her former crony, MRS. CUNNINGHAM-BURDELL, and from others of that ilk. Particulars might not read well in print.

Suffice it, however, that they *do* circumvent a great many. A few affectionate letters—a few caresses before a witness—a few presents, and the stock in trade of the adventuress is procured. The old gentleman is requested to come down handsomely, or to take the consequences of a breach of promise suit, with all the scandal thereon attendant. Nineteen in twenty prefer the former, but if the latter alternative be accepted, nothing is easier than the gammoning of a jury with the old talk of betrayed affection, deserted innocence, hearts tampered with, etc. The juryman who has a marriageable daughter is always on the side of the plaintiff, so the poor old gentleman who has listened to the syren's song, has to pay roundly, and take the odium also.

It seems, however, that MR. SHAW was more plucky, or more obstinate than many others, and insisted on making a clean fight of it. The *demi-monde* was the loser, and we hope that all old gentlemen of wealth and position may remember the lesson thus brought before their eyes. The only safe way, is to let such women entirely alone, no matter what charms they may bring to bear. Then, if the Pater-familias juryman would take such cases a little less into the bosom of his own family, to judge of them, there would be fewer CARSTANG-SHAW and CUNNINGHAM-BURDELL affairs to decide.

THE RESULT.

At length, the hobby of HORACE GREELEY and ADAH ISAACS MENKEN HEENAN ; of WENDELL PHILLIPS and FANNY WRIGHT ; of ADIN BALLOU and MRS. JONES of Ohio ; is a success. Yes, Woman's Rights are a fixed fact, and a big thing. Let the conservatives weep, the henpecked husbands howl, and the irreverent scoffers of the press dry up. At last has Man, the monster, found his proper level, and Woman will have a sight to prove herself a gentleman. Let us pray that her inhumanity to the aforesaid may not result in the mourning of countless thousands !

The English have ever been disposed to adopt the conservative side of most questions here. They like EDWARD EVERETT, Roast Beef, Non-Intervention, and *The Albion*. They stigmatize us Yankees as a hare-brained set, who are always strong on novelties, especially in the way of Isms. How surprising, then, to the philosophical mind, to learn that the first great practical exposition of the result of Woman's Rights, comes from an Englishman. The following unique and somewhat startling announcement appeared, the other day, in one of our respectable daily cotemporaries :—

"AS NURSE AND SEAMSTRESS.—WANTED, a situation by an Englishman, as nurse and seamstress ; is competent to cut and fit children's dresses ; no objection to go to England with a family. Can be seen for two days at No. —— West —— st., second floor, back room. Best of City references can be given."

This enterprising Englishman, who resided in the back second floor room of No. ——, West —— street, has doubtless received a situation, ere now, to attend to the wants of the rising generation, and to construct vestments for their callow forms divine. We hope he has, at all events, for we have our own little theory about Woman's Rights, and would like to know how well qualified men may be to fill the place usually occupied by another and a better sex. If this second floor back room Englishman succeeds in cutting and fitting children's dresses, and in all the tender duties of the genial nurse, we shall believe that Woman is qualified to enter upon a manly career, with manly occupations before her. Then may she fling her castor into the Prize Ring. Then may she ascend the perilous ladder, bearing the triumphal hod. Then may she steer the wind-wafted vessel, and man its tarry rigging—or wo-man the same. If the employers of this ZOYARAN Englishman will communicate their experience with him to us, we shall hear of something greatly to our advantage, and be suitably rewarded. In the meantime, we will test the matter in another way ; viz., by advertising :

WANTED.—An Old Gentleman, accustomed to plain sewing. One who has had some experience in Sewing-Machine work, and who can do up fine linen, preferred. No Irish or Negroes, need apply. Call at this office, for two days.

Strange, Indeed.

We are always boasting about our facilities for travel and communication in this country—our railroads and steamboats—our telegraphs, newspapers, and post-offices—but is it not strange that, with all these advantages, our rulers exhibit such a wonderful want of Political Intelligence ?

Anagram of Ancient and Modern Duelling.

In 1806 :—Not Epistolary.
In 1860 :—Not Ery a Pistol !

HERE AND THERE

THE entire VANITY FAIR office, by special invitation of the Naval Commission, paid a visit last week to the Japanese Princes. The procession was headed by the senior editor, a learned and venerable person whose hair and beard, white as the driven snow—or indeed anything that has been driven on the Bloomingdale road on a dusty day, reach to his waist; which length is the result of incessant study and no time for shaving. Next came the Junior, a youthful giant in intellect, and an Ajax in muscular vigor. Nothing but the immense strength he possesses could ever sustain him through the arduous labors of his daily task. He was walking arm in arm with our handsome contributor, a beautiful but effeminate youth, who is retained in the office at a large salary, simply on account of his personal charms, and as it were, in the capacity of a rose whose bloom adorns the arid regions of the editorial chambers. On the principle that if I was not the rose, I at least attained a sort of borrowed beauty by being near it. I followed our Adonis as closely as possible. A little behind—and somewhat apart from the vulgar herd, for he loves solitude—came our poet with premeditatedly dishevelled hair, and an expression of interior suffering, as if his breakfast had disagreed with him. The rear was brought up by occasional contributors, while on the outskirts of the party hovered the erratic O'TITIAN who could not be prevailed on to join in any formal procession, preferring as he said, the desolate freedom of the wild ass. In this array we issued from the office, and touching at CROOK and DUFF'S, we coasted up Broadway by the Delmonico shore, putting in at various ports for supplies. By the time we reached the Metropolitan the regularity of our ranks was somewhat impaired, and O'TITIAN might have been seen walking up the last three blocks in the middle of the street, imperiously commanding the omnibus drivers to make way for him, all of whom intimidated by his warlike appearance instantly drew up to let him pass. When we arrived at the hospitable mansion of the LELANDS, O'TITIAN, who was evidently laboring under a strong nervous excitement proposed that we should descend to the halls of JERRY, and partake of Japanese Punch. This is an ingenious compound, said to be concocted from a recipe in the possession of the head butler to the TYCOON, and is served in quaint glasses, with accompanying spoons of complicated device. The punch being disposed of, we proceeded upstairs where we found the Naval Commission in full uniform awaiting us at the head of the landing. Captain PORTER alone was absent, it being explained to us that a pile of love-letters, three feet in height, addressed to TOMMY, having arrived that morning, he was engaged in opening them, and consigning some to the flames, whilst he judiciously and kindly returned the remainder to the parents of the young ladies, who were so enamored of the fascinating Jap; a custom which, according to his own account, it is his wont to pursue in regard to all such correspondence. He joined us however at a later period.

We were then led to the chief reception room of the Embassy, where we found the Princes, with all the chief officials, awaiting us in state. After the usual salutation, the Senior Editor advanced and delivered the following address, in fluent Japanese.

YOUR HIGHNESS, Delightful as the water-skin of a friend to the thirsty Bedouin of the desert, or the shades of evening to the full-throated nightingale, whose song trembles through the twilight, is your presence among us here. May the wings of safety wave over your heads. May the opium of peace settle in your hearts. May the umbrella of prosperity shelter you for ever from the showers of sorrow or the baneful glare of malignity. We, the philosophers and teachers of these modern days, welcome you in the name of wisdom and of wit.

After uttering this brief but beautiful congratulation, the Senior presented a magnificently bound copy of our first volume, the covers of which were encrusted with opals and diamonds, with the words VANITY FAIR inscribed in letters of turquoise.

The chief Prince replied in his native tongue, as follows.

GRACIOUS EDITOR, We have been bored ever since we arrived with presentations. At Washington our days were weariness, and our nights unrest. At Baltimore wild aborigines intruded on our seclusion; at Philadelphia we experienced many trials. But all this is now compensated for. The rose-water of your presence pleasantly scents our solitude, and the recollection of your illumined face will haunt us like the memory of the western stars that shine in the skies.

Hereupon the Prince summoned his Treasurer, who brought forward a large chest filled with golden Cobangs, which was presented to our chief as the subscription of the Court of Yeddo for three hundred thousand copies of VANITY FAIR for one year. This magnificent gift was graciously declined by the Senior, who said that he would forward the aforesaid copies for nothing, postage free.

The Junior Editor and the various contributors were now presented. The size of the former person excited much admiration among the distinguished Orientals, and at the request of the Princes he gave some exhibitions of strength. He held a massive tumbler filled with Champagne between his teeth, and drank it off. He clove a solid piece of sandwich in two with a blow of his knife, and then proposed to drink a hogshead of wine at a single sitting, or open and read a thousand letters in a thousand seconds. Prudential motives induced the Embassy to decline the first liberal offer, and Captain PORTER interfered with regard to the performance of the latter, alleging that it would interfere with his prerogative.

The handsome contributor here attracted the attention of the Princes, who had some conversation with him, during which he took occasion to express his hope that the freckle of Misfortune may never visit their countenance; to which they graciously replied that they trusted the belt of Youth would girdle his waist forever.

Suddenly "TOMMY" burst upon the party, holding in each hand the daguerreotype of a young lady in blue. He commenced the conversation by inquiring of the handsome contributor if he had any female relatives, and if so, whether he would introduce him. The H. C. looked grave and haughty, and muttered something about "little boys," which TOMMY evidently thought funny, for he proposed to play with the H. C.—a suggestion that utterly discomfited that well-dressed person.

O'TITIAN—who is sensitive, and is apt to be dignified when nourished with stimulating diet—here pushed forward, under the impression that he had been neglected. He addressed the first Prince in that florid style of eloquence for which his countrymen are celebrated, a faint transcript of which I will endeavor to give;

"The top ov the morning to ye, ma bouchaleen, and 'tis meself that's proud and glad to see ye. Ye've seen the United States of Amerikey, and bedad it wor something to see; but yees musn't forget ould Ireland, and if ivir ye crass the oshun, maybe the Garryowen boys won't rouse the cockles of yer heart wid a welcome. We'll give ye lashins of poteen, and TOMMY here—God bless his purty face—shall dance wid all the prettiest colleens in Munsther."

O'TITIAN concluded with a wild vocal attempt to sing the Cruiskeen Lan, which the senior editor promptly suppressed, at which the artist became more than excited. He declared that it was his especial privilege to sing a national melody, and on being remonstrated with, he attempted to commit Hari Kiruh with a penknife. The Embassy, seeing his wild conduct, began to fear treachery, and drew their swords, and the most disastrous consequences might have ensued, when fortunately Alderman BOOLE was announced, which intelligence had the effect of putting the assemblage to instant flight, leaving O'TITIAN in the hands of BOOLE. The misguided artist has not since been heard of, but there are rumors flying about the Metropolitan that a person answering his description was found the next morning asleep in the floral car, which had been erected for the conveyance of the treaty box.

Signed.

Think of it.

We know an old gentleman who is so prejudieed against everything related to Catholicism that he does not intend to buy his children any Roman Candles on the Fourth!

A Stronger Man than Dr. Winship.

The Shop Lifter.

How to arrest young Vagrants. A suggestion to fastidious Policemen.

THE TORCH-BEARER.

A Paean for the Fourth of July.

(After Walt. Whitman.)

1. I celebrate the Fourth of July!
And what I celebrate you shall celebrate,
And all together we'll go in strong for a celebration.

2. Over sea, hither from the gates of the morning,
Jubilant, haughty, the glad day of America returns!
Comrade Americans, foreign elements,
German persons, Irish and otherwise,
Hurra for our side!

3. When, terrible in the midnight, begins the wild roar of cannon;
When the ear-cracking cracker awakes me with its continual cracks;
When punch and confusion are in the house and the "morning call" is brought to me in a tumbler;
When the stars and stripes hang round in a very miscellaneous manner;
When Broadway is entirely given up to patriotic youth—then Young America bristles;
When the police are in a state of mind and the Aldermen in a state of body;
When in point of fact there is the devil to pay generally;—
Then is the Fourth of July, and I, rising, behold it.
I descend to the pavement, I swerve with the crowd, I roar exultant, I am an American citizen, I feel that every man I meet owes me twenty-five cents.
Selah!

4. I don't know if other folks see so much as I do,—but I incline to think they don't.
Especially I think they don't see paying me a quarter.
At any rate they don't pay it.
N'importe! I see it all the same,—a kaleidscope of flowing and glancing coins!
I salute you. Eagles—birds of success! Female figures—mothers of luxury!
Stand by me on this occasion, Eagles and Females!
Stand by me that I may celebrate—that I may witness and greet the ascending shapes!

5. The shapes arise.
Shapes of urchins, ragged and dirty-faced, popping off pistols at the unwary pedestrians;
Shapes of citizens upon the house-tops, patriotic, hurling the explosive torpedo;
Shapes of Aldermen and Members of Common Council, drunk with enthusiasm and Old Jamaica;
Shapes of omnibus drivers, idiotic and bawling, the crackers muttering under their horses feet;
Shapes of the prayers that are disappointed of their prayers—
Prayers of the "Fulton-street Daily Prayer-Meeting," adjourned to the 5th, for a reason—
Shapes of the mild ecclesiastics, sleek, black-coated, white about the neck, enraged at the cheerful noises;
Shapes of inebriated editors, the Peck-sniffs of the *Times* and of the *World;*
Shapes of jolly printers, festive, uproarious, who won't on any terms go home till morning;
Shapes of the papers that are not published next day;
Shapes of steamboats that dot the harbor and the river, carrying the excursionists to rural delights;
Shapes of the rural delights—the frisky locust, the bug, omnipresent, the lively worm, the flirtation in the bush;
Shapes of the bulky Germans, slow of appreciation, drinking their Lager Bier;
Pipe shapes; shapes of the smoke-cloud, Irish persons enveloped;
Shapes of the Irish persons brawling, the whiskey mastering their brains;
Shapes of the "stars" and "shadows," alert for the wranglers and those who fight;
Shapes of the sharpers, courtesans, whiskered persons, collecting revenue;
Shapes of counter-jumpers, redolent shades, mint-juleps attending;
Shapes of women, fair and otherwise, hungry for ice-cream and for lemonade;
Shapes of the ice-cream and the lemonade—disappearing shapes, the contact of sweet lips assisting;
Shapes of adventurous persons in balloons, my own shape soaring in the balloon of my fancy;—
And then, beautiful to see, the stars and stripes proudly fluttering over all.

6. The shapes arise!
The shape of a civic procession, a Mayor in the midst, Polyphemus, having "a single eye";
The shape of a Governor, military persons attending, a noise of horns and of drums;
The shape of the speaker, the air excessively sawed, coat-tails streaming in the wind;
The shape of Mr. Yeada's "Orator, Patriot, Sage, Cicero of America, Laudator of Washington, Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the Union, and Friend of Mankind;"
The shape of a philosopher, contemplative, seeing all, thinking what it is all about.

7. That philosopher am I.
I chant the American Eagle, the biggest bird out,—out too with his mother's knowledge.
I chant America, the great Ostrich of nations, destined to swallow up all the rest.
I chant the Fourth of July, birth-day of the Republic, glorious anniversary!
And what I celebrate you shall celebrate—as I had the honor of saying in the first place.

THE AMBITION OF YOUTH.

Shop Keeper.—THINK THIS WILL JUST SUIT YOU, SIR. MADE FOR A GENTLEMAN OF THE ST. GEORGES.

Juvenile.—AH! 'M, THAT MAY BE, BUT I PREFER MY BATS BROADER IN THE BLADE AND LARGER IN THE HANDLE.

CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.

THE ENRIGHT.

Nature has taken over six thousand years to conceive and produce her most wonderful work, the ENRIGHT—better known as JON-E-ENRIGHT. If for nothing else that has occurred, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS (spoken of in the Geopraphy) may bless his stars that his discovery has been the means of giving to the world this most singular being of the human type. GEORGE WASHINGTON, the veracious, is requested to feel proud of the success of our American Revolution, since it has enabled us to claim the ENRIGHT as an American citizen. Singularly blessed J. B. is petitioned to shed the tear of thankfulness to the American people, for having elevated him to the highest place in their gift *during* the advent of the same.

If you ask for particulars, lo! and behold! The JON-E-ENRIGHT is a festively endowed creature, of decided masculine proclivities. Not more than, four, five, or six inches short is JON of being a sprite, genius, enchanter, astrologer, or something else—maybe swindler. The ENRIGHT is domiciled in Cedar-street, near Washington; keeps a Farmers' Hotel, or Dentists' Hotel, or Coal Heavers' Retreat, or Any-Old-Chairs-to-Mend-to-Mend-Man's House.

Formerly he was an Emigrant runner, latterly a getter of lodgers and lodgers' money under false pretences. For example, JON used to maintain that the privilege of stopping over night in his princely establishment was worth seven dollars a head. Very few people tried it on more than once, though. JON had a happy style of jerking the baggage and physical appurtenances of demurring visitors. Sometimes the police would, just for a lark, jerk the jolly JON himself, and invite him up to see the funny thing called Mayor, in the City Hall. JON always went, and always came away, and always kept up his old games, and always didn't care a profane expression for lodgers, funny thing at the City Hall, or policemen and their larks. Now this is wherein lies the wonderful peculiarity of the ENRIGHT—ever plunging into hot water and ever coming out unscalded. Policemen say they can't make out how it is, funny thing called Mayor can't make it out, and the people generally can't make it. We are inclined to believe that we can make it out from top to bottom.

We know three magic words that the ENRIGHT knows, too, and that enable him to trample on laws, to abuse unfortunate countrymen, and to defy prisons. The words are POLITICS o o o INFLUENCE o o o MONEY. JON knows them all, and we know JON. We call upon all good citizens to admire JON; we beg the Tract Societies to enroll JON'S name as an honorary member; we ask parents to see that their little boys read this notice of the ENRIGHT, as it will do them good; we return thanks to Mr. Inspector DELAVAN for having had the courage to reward Merit and elevate Virtue, in the person of the aforesaid, to the dignity of a position in the Board of Health. Despite his odd streaks, the appointment of the JON ENRIGHT is really the most eligible that could have been made. There is not a more useful or deserving being in the city. Could he only be duplicated, tripled, quadrupled, quintupled, sextupled, nay multiplied an hundred fold, and separately chosen Health Warden a hundred times, the reward would still be inadequate to his great services. His age, address, education, and previous pursuits qualify him admirably for the duties of his new office.

o o o o

And yet, Gentle-Skimmer-over-these-lines, if you were to see the JON-E-ENRIGHT—to hear him talk in the First Ward dialect—know his history from infancy to prime, you would never dream of his fitness for anything beyond breaking stones at Sing Sing. No, indeed you wouldn't! And that's why he is a Curious Freak of Nature: he looks the knave, yet Mr. Inspector DELAVAN pronounces him an angel in disguise. It is very odd, very! But then it is a queer world, you know, and appearances are deceptive.

A Favorable Impression.

A Kiss.

Important Item.

We stop the press to announce that MR. ENRIGHT has up and resigned! He wont be a Health Warden at any price. That simple sheet, the *Tribune*, naïvely remarks "Such deference to public opinion was wholly unexpected." MR. ENRIGHT'S respect for public opinion is well known and doubtless it was this consideration which induced him to resign his public office! Very much! The cynical mind inclines, however, to the theory that ENRIGHT'S descent from being a respectable Ticket-Swindler to holding office and hanging around the City Hall was too much for him. Conscious of his degradation, he relented, gave up his place, and returned to the more honorable pursuits of his early days.

Over Particular.

An advertisement reads,

"ON VIEW for a SHORT TIME
TWILIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS."

The first part of the sentence is quite superfluous we think—twilight being generally On View for a few minutes only at any time.

Dreadful to Think Of.

The Japanese Ambassadors are so fond of champagne that one of them derives his title from his bibulous propensities, "See me Boozin." (Simme Boojsen.)

Spanish Money.

Castile Soap.

VANITY FAIR.

ROCKHILL & WILSON,

603 & 605 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

MEN AND BOYS CLOTHING,

Of the finest fabrics and most fashionable make.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

To which we invite the attention of the public.

FRENCH'S CONICAL WASHING MACHINE.

Price only Ten Dollars.

One woman, with this simple, compact, durable, portable, efficient, and economical machine, can easily and perfectly do the washing of an ordinary family before breakfast.

This is the only machine that will wash all kinds of clothes perfectly without injury. It has been tested in the laundry of French's Hotel and elsewhere, with all other washing machines making any pretensions to novelty, and has, in many instances, performed its work in less than half the time required by any other, and much more thoroughly and satisfactorily.

It will wash a single handkerchief, collar, lace sleeve, six shirts, or all of these articles together, without the necessity of soaking or boiling.

These results are produced by the constant reaction of the suds, and not by friction of rubbing surfaces. It is admirably adapted for introduction into houses with stationary tubs, as it may be enclosed and connected with the waste and water pipes, and will make an important feature in houses "with all the modern improvements."

In Families, Laundries, Hotels, Boarding-houses, Hospitals, Asylums, Boarding-schools, on Ships and Steamers, and in the Army, it will be found unequalled and indispensable.

This machine may be seen in operation at the laundry of French's Hotel, and at the depot, No. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal-street.

PRICE ONLY TEN DOLLARS.

Entire satisfaction given, or the money returned.

N. B.—The undersigned, Proprietors, are now prepared to organize agencies for the sale of these machines in all parts of the country, and to supply orders to any extent.

Agents wanted in all parts of the United States.

Send for a Circular.

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THE UNDERSIGNED having a good assortment of type, is ready to contract for

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THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press.*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

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"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Huntsdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This is the first really clever comic and satirical journal we have had in America—and really clever it is. It is both sharp and good-tempered, and not afraid to say that its soul is its own—which shows that it has a soul. Our readers will be glad to know where they can find native fun that has something better in it than mere *patois*."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The very marked and flattering success which has thus far attended the publication of

VANITY FAIR,

Enables the publisher to announce that with the commencement of the Second Volume, issued this day, 30th June, New Features, both Literary and Artistic, will be introduced, which will increase the value and interest of the paper, and fully maintain the proud position unanimously accorded to it, as the leading

COMIC JOURNAL OF AMERICA.

VANITY FAIR

IS ISSUED REGULARLY EVERY THURSDAY.

and is for Sale by all Newsmen, and at the Office of Publication, No. 113 Nassau-street, New York.

TERMS:

Three dollars per annum, in advance—Six cents single copy.

TERMS FOR CLUBS:

Two copies of VANITY FAIR will be sent to one address for	$5 00
Five copies	12 00
Ten copies	20 00

An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of not less than five copies.

This paper is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

TO EDITORS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Our exchange list has become so large that we shall be obliged to curtail it. Those who desire an exchange will please insert the above Special Notice and Terms three times, and send marked copies to this office, upon receipt of which we will forward the paper for One Year. No others will be noticed.

LOUIS H. STEPHENS,

Publisher for the Proprietors, 113 Nassau-street,

New-York.

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DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING.

There is a DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT attached to the VANITY FAIR Establishment, for the execution of Job Work. For advertisement containing particulars, see another column